



THE HUMOURIST.

BEING

A Choice Collection of SONGS,

Containing,

1. *I like the Man whose soaring Soul.*
2. *Come all ye Buffers gay.*
3. *Young Strephon, the artful, the dangerous Swain.*
4. *When Fanny to Woman.*
5. *Sweet are the Banks, when spring perfumes,
Not the silver doves that fly.*
7. *Come hither, sweet Susan, and sit down by me.*
8. *Wou'd you taste the Noon Tide Air.*
9. *When Lovely Amora display'd.*
10. *As near a fountains flowery side.*
11. *As Celia near a fountain lay.*
12. *Genle Youth, O tell me why.*
13. *O'er half the sky the blushing dawn*
14. *To an arbour of woodbines ye both shall be led.*
15. *When all the Attic Fire was fled.*
16. *Brittle substance, light as air,*
17. *O let me unreserv'd declare.*
18. *In Sheffield Park there liv'd and dwelt.*
19. *The Whistling Ploughman hails the blushing Morn.*
20. *Cruel Strephon will you leave me?*
21. *The other Day young Strephon met.*
22. *I like the Fox shall grieve.*
23. *Some talk of Alexander.*

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Lane, London.

LOVE and HONOUR.

I Like the man whose soaring soul
Is generous and refin'd :
Whose passions act beneath cotrole
With Love and Honour join'd ;
The frothy sons of vice and show,
Like shadows and like noise,
Have nothing in themselves we know
That sober sense enjoys.

But pure and constant love endears,
And feasts both ear and sight ;
While ev'ry thing that virtue fears,
Can give no true delight.

A New Flash SONG.

COME all you Buffers gay,
That rumly do pad the City,
Come listen to what I do say,
And it will make you wond'rous wity.

The Praps are at Drury Lane,
And at Covent Garden also,

Therefore I tell you plain,
It will not be safe for to go.

But if after a rum Cull you pad
Pray follow him brave and bold ;
For many a Buffer has been grab'd,
For Fear, as I've been told.

Let your Pal that follows behind,
Tip your Bulk pretty soon ;
And to slap his Whip in Time,

For fear the Cull should be down.

For if the Cull should be down,
And you a sleing his Bag.

Then at the Old Bailey your found,

And d—m you he'll tip you the Lag.

But if you should slape his staunch Wipe

Then away to the Fence you may go.

From thence to the Ken of one T—,

Where you in full Bumpers may flow.

But now I have finish'd my Rhime,

And of you all must take my leave ;

I would have you to leave o' Fin Time,

Or they will make your poor Hearts

to bleed.

The K I S S E and T H O R N.

Young Strephon, the artful, the
dangerous swain,

My love and esteem has attempted to
gain ;

With the same wicked arts he so oft had
betray'd,

He thought to seduce one more inno-
cent maid :

But appriz'd of his power, of my weak-
ness aware

I baffled his scheme, and avoided his
snare ;

For virtue I love, and was taught in
my dawn,

When I gather'd a Rose to beware of
a Thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I des-
pis'd,

For his heart by those tears and those
oaths were disguis'd :

What presents he brought me, I chose
to decline,

The prodigal bounty of art and design
He coax'd and he flatter'd, but flatter'd
in vain,

And used each art on my weakness to
gain ;

Protected by prudence I laugh'd him
to scorn,

Tho' I fancy'd a Rose, yet I dreaded a
Thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he
had won,

What credulous beauties his arts had
undone ;

He swore that his faith should inviolate
be,

That his heart and those fair ones were
victims to me ;

But I told him those victims, that faith
I despise

And from such examples would learn to
be wise ;

That I never would prostitute Virtue
to scorn,

Or smell at a rose to be burnt by a thorn.

Was the perjurd betrayer ashamed of
his guilt,

Was his passion on virtue, not wanton Ye fair take advice
 nefs built ; And be blest while you may,
 Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are Each word, look, and action,
 profane, Your wishes betray ;
 I own I could fancy, could fancy the Give ease to your hearts,
 fwain : By the conjugal knot,
 But experience has taught me 'tis dan- Tho' they pant e'er so much,
 gerous to trust, You know not for what.

And folly to think he can ever be just ;
 So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him
 with scorn,
 Left I grasp at the Rose and be hurt by
 the Thorn.

The Panting NYMPH.

WHEN Fanny to Woman
 Is growing apace,
 The rose-bud is beginning
 To blow in her face,
 For mamma's wise precepts,
 She cares not a jot,
 Her heart pants for something,
 She cannot tell what.
 No sooner the wanton,
 Her freedom obtains,
 Then among the gay Youths
 A tyrant she reigns ;
 And finding her beauty
 Such power had got,
 Her heart pants for something,
 She cannot tell what.
 Tho' all the day in splendor,
 She flaunts it about,
 At court, park, and play,
 Ridotoe, and rout ;
 Tho' flatter'd and envy'd,
 Yet pines at her lot,
 Her heart pants for something,
 She cannot tell what,
 A touch of the hand,
 Or a glance of the eye,
 From him she likes best,
 Makes her ready to die
 Not knowing 'tis Cupid
 His arrow has shot,
 Her heart pants for something,
 But cannot tell what.

C L O R A.

Sweet are the banks, when spring
 perfumes
 The verdant plants and laughing
 flowers ;
 Fragrant the violet as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossom after showers ;
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange grove ;
 But O how sweeter far than these,
 The kisses are of her I love.
 Ye roses blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air ;
 Ye lillies chaste with silver heads,
 As my Cleora's bosom fair ;
 No more I'll court your balmy sweets ;
 For I, and I alone can prove,
 How sweeter, wheresoe'er we meet,
 The kisses are of her I love.
 Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught ;
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd,
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Should fortune, stooping from the sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove ;
 Yet like the turtle I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her I love.

*A favourite Dust in the Opera of the
 Fairiss.*

NOT the silver doves that fly
 Yeak'd in Cytherea's ear ;
 Are so beauteous to the eyes
 Are so choicely match'd by far,
 Not the wings that bear aloft
 The gay sportive god of love ;
 Are so lovely bright and soft,
 Or wish more consent do, move ;

[4
JOHN and SUSAN.

H E.

Come thither, sweet Susan, and sit
down by me,

And let us consult on matrimony ;
For thou art my love, my joy, and my
dear,

I pray thee let us be marry'd this year.

S H E.

I pray, honest John, don't talk of such
things,

For marriage both care and sorrow
doth bring ;

Besides, times are hard, and provisi-
ons are dear,

Which makes me loath to be marry'd
this year.

H E.

If times they are hard, and money is
scarce,

I will do my endeavour that thou shalt
not want,

And following my calling with dili-
gent care,

I pr'ythee, love, let us be marry'd this
year.

S H E.

For every couple that's marry'd, they
say,

You know that the parson must have
his pay,

Besides other charges that stand us so
dear,

Which makes me loath to be marry'd
this year.

If I should bring children, as I am a-
fraid,

By the birth of each child five shillings
is paid.

There are gossips and nurses that will
stand us dear,

Which makes me loath to be marry'd
this year.

H E.

Did not you promise me long Time a-
gone.

That we should be marry'd before it
was long :

So don't prove inconstant to him that's
thy dear

I pr'ythee, love, let us be marry'd this
Year.

S H E.

I cannot deny these words you relate,
I did make a promise for to be you
mate :

But times are alter'd and all things are
dear,

Which makes me loath to be marry'd
this year.

H E.

Farewel, farewel, since then is it so,
Now I am resolv'd to another I'll go.
For good luck or bad luck I'll never
fear.

For I am resolv'd to be marry'd this
Year.

S H E.

O stay, John, stay, why in such haste,
I will be your true love as long as life
lasts.

For good luck or bad luck then I'll
never fear.

For I am resolv'd to be marry'd this
Year

H E.

Then all things in order we will pro-
vide,

And in less than ten days I'll make you
my bride.

Then the bells they shall ring, and
musick play clear

For Joy, John and Susan are marry'd
this Year.

The Noon-Tide Air.

Wou'd you taste the Noon-Tide
Air,

To yon shady bower repair,
Where woven with the poplar bough,

The mantling vine shall shelter you,
Down each side a fountain flows,

Tinkling, murmuring as it goes

Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phebus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
Stretch'd on sunny hillocks sleep!
While on the hyacinth and rose,
The fair one does alone repose.

All alone, and in her arms,
Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
Till blest and blessing you shall own,
The joys of Love are joys alone.

Lovely AMORA.

When Lovely Amora display'd
The beauties and charms
Of her mind;

When Lovely, &c.

With rapt'rous wonder I gaz'd,
And freely my heart I resign'd.

With, &c.

Ye fates, then my passion approve,
Ye powers confine her to me.
I'm lost to all joys but her love,
There's nothing can bless me but she
Possessing Amora secures

Real pleasure, content, & true joy;
Love founded on Reason endures,
No care can its blessing destroy.
Don't envy ye powers my bliss,
Bestow her, I can ask no more;
Her endearments exceed ev'ry wish,
'Tis only for her I emlore.

The Happy BEE.

As near a fountains flow'ry side,
The bright Celinda lay,
Her looks encreas'd the sumers pride,
Her eyes the blaze of day.

Quick thro' the air to this retreat,

A Bee industrious flew,

Perch'd to rifle ev'ry sweet,

And sip the balmy dew.

Awon by the fragrance of her breath

Her rosy Lips he found,

Where he in transport met his death,

And dropt upon the ground.

Oh joy blest Bee, enjoy thy fate,

Nor at thy fall repine,

For kings would quit their royal state

To share a death like thine.

The Happy Shepherd.

As Celia near a fountain lay,
Her eye-lids clos'd to sleep,
The shepherd Damon chanc'd that way
To drive his flock of sheep.

With awful steps he 'proach'd the fair,
To view her charming face,
Where every feature wore an air,
And ev'ry part a grace.

His heart inflam'd with am'rous pain,
Then wish'd the nymph would wake,
But ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepar'd to speak.

As slumbering thus fair Celia lay,
Soft wishes fill'd her mind;
She cry'd, Young Damon come away,
For now I will be kind.

Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,
He flew into her arms;
He took her in the yielding fit,
And rifled all her charms.

The Questioning MAID.

Gentle Youth, O tell me why
Tears are starting from my eyes?
When each night with you I part,
Why the sigh that rends my heart?

Gentle Youth, O tell me true,

If it is the same with you

Tell me when the appointed hour,
Calls us to the secret bower,
Sighing trembling there I run,
Early as the rising sun.

Tell that hearts for hearts were made,
And Love for Love is only paid;
That musick should in sound convey
What dying Lovers dare to say.

Tell me when the pain I feel,
Pungent as the wound of steel,
When I feel the tricking smart,
Why I bless the pointed dart?

The MILK PAIL.

Oh half the sky the blushing dawn,
Her purple vest had spread,
When Sally cross'd the dewey Lawn

With Milk Pail on her head,

Her brow as month of April sweet,
Her cheeks were rosy red.

Her dress was white, and lovely neat,
As Milk Pail on her head.

While nymphs who breathe the city air

Their mornings waste in bed ;

Young Sally sings as sky lark clear,

With Milk Pail on her head.

Her sleet black eyes their lustre take

From virtue inly bred,

Her bosom ne'er felt conscious ache,

Since Milk Pail grac'd her head.

For courtly Dames I ne'er shall fret,

But, ah ! would Sally wed,

I'd bless the spot where first we met.

With Milk Pail on her head.

Greenwood SHADE

TO an arbour of woodbines ye both
shall be led, [grass for your bed,
Soft leaves for your pillow, green
White & anon young sparrows chirp
over your head.

All under the Greenwood Shade.

When the moon with pale lustre just peeps

[thro' the grove,

And nightingales answer the chaste
turtle dove, [her true love.

The maid without blushing shall clasp

All under the Greenwood Shade.

Our pleasure, quite harmless, begins
with the day, [gay,

We ever are buxom, we ever are

No virgin dissembles, or shepherds be-
tray.

All under the Greenwood Shade.

Though frowns for awhile arm the

[face of the fair

Yet soon our young lover forgoes all
his care, [despair.

And Phillis cries, Do not, oh do not

All under the Greenwood Shade.

A new Song.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,

And all the Roman virtue dead,

Poor freedom lost her seat.

The Gothic mantle spread a night,

That damp'd fair virtue's sacred light

The Muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander ? what new

Had yet a laurel left in store ? (Hoar

To this blest Isle they steer :

Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,

Soon virtue's sacred form appear'd,

And freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has left his cell ;

Religion rings her hallow'd bell ;

She calls Thee now by Me :

Hark her sweet voice all plaintive sound

See, she receives a thousand wounds !

If shielded not by Thee !

The Faithless Confidant.

Bittle substance, light as air,
emblem of the inconstant fair ;

Shou'd a lover trust you, say,

Wou'd you kindly ne'er betray ?

Tell me, could you silent hear

Whose enchanting bonds I wear ?

Yet I dare not own my love,

Lest a traitor you shou'd prove.

Echo not one plaintive sigh.

While the tender Cælia's nigh ;

Did I speak her gentle name ?

Yet I can't my breath reclaim.

Never more may swain impart

Thus the secrets of his heart

For whate'er our thoughts convey

Gla's will glory to betray.

The Generous Confession.

O Let me uneserv'd declare

The dictates of my breast ;

My Thy sis reigns unrivall'd there,

An ever welcome guest.

No more our spiteful nymphs I meet

But seek the lonely grove,

There, sighing to myself repeat

Some tender tale of Love.

When absent from my longing sight,

He is my constant theme,

His shadowy form appears by night,

And shapes the morning dream.

Ye poorless Virgins of the plain,

Deem not my words too free ;

For ere my passion you arraign,

You must have lov'd like me,

The Unfortunate MAID.

N Sheffield Park there liv'd and
dwell'd,

A young man fair, I lov'd him well,
He courted me my love to gain,
Left me in grief and full of pain :
And when that I did send for him.
He laugh'd and said how fond I'd been
And from my company would part,
His words went bleeding to my heart.

I went up stairs unto my bed,
Laid me down but nothing said ;
My mistress came to me and said,
Pray what's the matter with my maid?
O mistress, you do little know,
What grief and sorrow I undergo ;
Come lay your hand upon my breast,
My panting heart can find no rest.

My mistress cries, What shall I do ?
Some help I'll have for you just now.
No help, no help, no help I crave,
A young man sends me to the grave.
Take you this letter into your hand,
And read it, that you may understand;
Carry it to him just now with speed,
Give it to him if he can read.

He took this letter immediately,
And read it o'er while she stood by ;
Then he did this letter burn,
Left her in grief to make her moan ;
She wrung her hands and tore her hair
Crying, I shall fall into despair,
O fatal death come pity me,
And ease me of my misery.

The Whistling Ploughman,

THE Whistling Ploughman hails
the blushing Morn,

The Thrush melodious drowns the
rustic Note.

Loud sings the Black Bird thro' re-
founding Groves,

And the Lark soars to meet the ris-
ing Sun.

Awayt : the Copse, to the Copse lead
away,

And now my Boys throw off the
Hounds,

I'll warrant he'll shew us some Play,
See yonder he skulks through the
Grounds.

Then spur your brisk Coursers, and
smoak them, my Bloods,

'Tis a delicate scent lying Morn ;
What Concert is equal to those of the
Woods,

Betwixt Eccho, the Hounds, and the
Horn.

Each Earth see he tries at in vain,

To cover no Safety can find ;

So he breaks it, and scours amain,

And leaves us at Distance behind.

O'er Rocks, and o'er Hedges, and
Rivers we fly,

All Hazard and Danger we scorn :

Stout Reynard we'll follow until that
we die,

Cheer up my good dogs with the Horn.

And now he scarce peeps thro' the dale

All parch'd from his Mouth hangs
his Tongue,

His Speed can no longer prevail,

Nor his cunning his life can prolong.

From our staunch and fleet Pack, 'twas
in vain that he fled,

See his Brush falls, bemir'd, forlorn :

The Farmer with Pleasure behold him
lie dead,

And shout to the sound of the Horn.

R O N D E A U

C Ruel Strephon, will you leave me ?

Will you prove yourself forsworn ?

Can, ah, can you thus deceive me ?

Can you treat my Love with scorn,

O behold your Chloe pleading,

Turn and see your once lov'd Maid ;

Let soft Pity interced n^y,

Ease a heart your Vows betray'd.

Must I hopeless pine and languish,

Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain ?

See he triumphs in my Anguish !

See he glories in my Pain

The Maiden's W I S H.

THE other day young Strephon
met

Me in a lonely grove,
Upon the verdant turf he sat,
And told fine tales of love ;
He squeez'd my hand with ardent zeal,
I felt the thrilling touch,
Young love thro' ev'ry vein did steal,
All maids would feel as much.
Of ev'ry flower then he stole,
A pleasing wreath to bring,
Compos'd of all that May unfolds,
The gayest charms of spring
Compares the snow-drop to my skin :
The roses to my blush ;
If this is flatt'ry, sure 'tis kind,
All maids would Wish as much.
From all he cull'd a branch of bays,
Then on my breast reclin'd ;
He swore 'twas emblem of that praise
Which beamed from my mind :
For Virtue there, he cry'd, innate,
Few maids can boast of such,
Then kiss my cheeks and blest his fate,
What maid won't Wish as much.
Fye shepherd, 'tis too much I vow,
I durst not yet consent.
Cries he, What can prevent us now ?
And wonder'd what I meant !
So sweet his suit, so gay his air,
I yielded to his touch,
Nor could I longer cry Forbear,
What maid won't do as much.

A New S O N G. *10. JU 52*

I Like the Fox shall grieve,
Whose Mate hath left her Side,
Whom Hounds from Morn to Eve,
Chase o'er the Country wide.
Where can my Lover hide ?
Where cheat the weary Pack ?
If Love be not his Guide,
He never will come back !

British Grenadiers.

SOME talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules,
Of Conon and Lyfander,
and some Miltiades ;
But of all the World's brave Heroes
there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
to the British Grenadiers.

C H O R U S.

*But of all the World's brave Heroes,
there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
to the British Grenadiers.*

*But of all the World's brave Heroes,
there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
to the British Grenadiers.*

None of those antient Heroes
e'er saw a Cannon Ball,
Nor knew the Force of powder,
to slay their Foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it,
and banish all their Fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
the British Grenadiers.

Chorus. But our brave Boys, &c.
Whene'er we are commanded
to storm the palisades,
Our Leaders march with Fusces,
and we with Hand Grenades,
We throw them from the Glacis
about our Enemies Ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
the British Grenadiers.

Chorus. We throw them, &c.

The God of War is pleased,
and great Bellona smiles,
To see these noble Heroes
of our British Isles ;
And all the Gods celestial,
descending from their Spheres,
Behold with Admiration
the British Grenadiers.

Chorus. And all the Gods celestial, &c.